

# The Camden Journal.

VOLUME XXVI.

CAMDEN, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 8, 1867.

NUMBER 4.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
THOMAS W. PEGUES.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.  
Three Dollars a year CASH—Four Dollars if payment is delayed three months.  
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## MISCELLANEOUS.

(BY REQUEST.)  
A SERMON.

BY REV. W. FULLER, A DEAF MUTE.

1st. "Hell awaits you, come to be saved."

Hell is not a fable invented by priests to frighten their fellow-men; but as sure as the Bible is the word of God, so sure is it that "the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all nations that forget God." "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." Then all men must give an account of "the deeds done in the body." "God will judge the secrets of all men." Then all sinners who have not obtained pardon by coming to Jesus will be on the left hand of the judge, who will pronounce their dreadful sentence, "depart, ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared the devil and his angels." Oh, who can tell the torments of that place! No more pleasant light of day, no more cheerful voice of friends, no more comforts of home, no more pleasures of the world, and sinners! The rich man can take none of his wealth with him, the gay man none of his amusements. Conscience will not let its sins, past sins will be clearly remembered, and past opportunities of escape, now gone forever. O, that one of them might come back! O, for one more Sabbath! O, for one more hour to pray for mercy! But it will be then too late. Darkness forever, sin forever, woe forever; Jesus speaks of it as "the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone—outer darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth—where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched—where the wicked rich man, being in torments, cried out, "send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame." There "he that is filthy, shall be filthy still," and "the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and for ever."—What misery can be greater than what such words as these describe! How dreadful, then to be in hell! What more horrible; and every unforgiven sinner is on his way to it; your whose eye now reads this page, if you are not pardoned, you are on your way.

## NEVER.

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Let every believer grasp these words, and store them up in his heart. Keep them ready, and have them fresh in your memory; you will want them one day. The Philistines will be upon you, the hand of sickness will lay you low, the king of terrors will draw near, the valley of the shadow of death will open up before your eyes. Then comes the hour when you will find nothing so comforting as a text like this, nothing so cheering as a realizing sense of God's companionship.  
Stick to that word 'never.' It is worth its weight in gold. Cling to it as a drowning man clings to a rope. Grasp it firmly, as a soldier attacked on all sides grasps his sword. God has said, and He will stand to it, "I will never leave thee."  
"Never!" Though your heart be often faint, and you are sick of self, and your many failures and infirmities—even then the promise will not fail.  
"Never!" Though the devil whispers, "I shall have you at last; yet a

little time and your faith will fail, and you will be mine." Even then the word of God will stand.

"Never!" When the cold chill of death is creeping over you, and friends can do no more, and you are starting on that journey from which there is no return—even then Christ will not forsake you.

"Never!" When the day of judgment comes, and the books are opened, and the dead are rising from their graves, and eternity is beginning—even then the promise will bear your weight; Christ will not leave His hold on your soul.

O, believing reader, trust in the Lord forever, for He says, "I will never leave you." Lean back all your weight upon Him, do not be afraid! Glory in His promise. Rejoice in the strength of your consolation. You may say boldly, "The Lord is my helper, I will not fear."  
Ryle.

THE BIBLE.—The Bible is the treasure of the poor, the solace of the sick, and the support of the dying, and while other books may amuse and instruct in a leisure hour, it is the peculiar triumph of that book to create light in the midst of darkness, to alleviate the sorrow which admits of no other alleviation, to direct a beam of hope to the heart which no other topic of consolation can reach; while guilt, despair and death vanish at the touch of its holy inspiration. There is something in the spirit and dictation of the Bible, which is found peculiarly adapted to arrest the attention of the plainest and most uncultivated minds. The simple structure of its sentiments, combined with the lofty spirit of poetry—its familiar allusions to the scenes of nature and transactions of common life—the delightful intermixture of narration with the doctrinal and perceptive parts—and the profusion of miraculous facts; which convert it into a sort of enchanted ground—its constant advertence to the Deity, whose perfections it renders almost visible, most interesting upon it an interest which attaches to no other performance, and which, after assiduous and repeated perusal, invest it with much of the charm of novelty; like the orb of day, at which we are wont to gaze with unabated astonishment from infancy to old age. What other book besides the Bible could be heard in public assemblies from year to year with attention that never tries and an interest that never cloy? With few exceptions, let a portion of the sacred volume be recited in a mixed multitude, and though it has been heard a thousand times, a universal stillness ensues, every eye is fixed, and every ear is awake and attentive. Select, if you can, any other composition, and let it be rendered equally familiar to the mind, and see whether it will produce this effect.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?—Let a man have all the world can give him, he is still miserable if he has a grovelling, undevoted mind. Let him have his garden, his fields, his woods, his lawns; for grandeur, plenty, ornament, and gratification; while at the same time God is not in all his thoughts, and let another have neither field nor garden, let him only look at nature with an enlightened mind—a mind which can see and adore the Creator in all his works—can consider them as demonstrations of his power, his wisdom, his goodness and truth; this man is greater as well as happier in his poverty, than the other in his riches—the one a little higher than a beast—the other a little lower than an angel.

TERRIBLE DISEASE ALONG THE YAZOO.—A terrible disease similar to the cholera, broken out among the freedmen on the plantations along the Yazoo River and the lower part of Carroll County, Mississippi. It has every appearance of cholera, but it is confined entirely to the negro population. Eleven of the latter had died within a few days on one plantation, and lesser numbers on others, whilst many of the negroes are dangerously sick.

The Jackson (Mississippi) Clarion suggest General Jas. Longstreet for Congress as a Senator from Louisiana. It makes this nomination without the knowledge of that gentleman, but feeling that the honor of the South would be secure if confided in council to the keeping of one who guarded it so well in the field.

A YOUNG MINISTER HUGGED AGAINST HIS WILL.—A most ludicrous scene transpired in a place not a thousand miles from the city of Louisville one night last week, which, though a little annoying to the parties immediately concerned, was yet so innocent and funny that we cannot refrain from giving the general outlines—suppressing names, of course.

Two sprightly and beautiful young ladies were visiting their cousin, another sprightly and beautiful young lady, who, like her guests, was of that happy age which turns everything into fun and merriment. If the truth were told, we fear that we should have to record the fact that these three young misses were just a little bit fast. They were fond of practical jokes, and were continually playing all sorts of mad pranks with each other. All three occupied a room on the ground floor, and huddled up together in one bed.

Two of the young ladies attended a party on the night in question, and did not get home until half-past 12 o'clock at night. As it was late, they concluded not to disturb the household, so they quietly stepped into their room through the low window.

In about half an hour after they had left for the party a young Methodist minister called at the house where they were staying and craved a night's lodging, which of course was cheerfully granted. As ministers always have the best of everything, the old lady put him to sleep in the best room, and the young lady (Fannie) who had not gone to the party was entrusted with the duty of sitting up for the absent ones and of informing them of the change of rooms. She took up her post in the parlor and as the night was sultry, sleep overcame her and she departed on an excursion to the land of dreams. We will now return to the young ladies who had gone into their room through the window. By the dim light of the moonbeams as they struggled through the cur-

tain to descry the outlines of Fannie (as they supposed) ensconced in the middle of the bed. They saw more, to wit—a pair of boots. The truth flashed upon them both at once. They saw it all, Fannie had them in the room to give them a scare. They put their heads together and determined to turn the tables on her. Silently they disrobed, and as stealthily as cats they took their positions on each side of the bed. At a given signal they both jumped into bed, one on each side of the unconscious person, laughing and screaming. "Oh, what a man, Oh, what a man!" they gave the bewildered minister such a promiscuous hugging and tussling few persons are able to brag of in the course of a lifetime.

The noise of this proceeding awoke the old lady, who was sleeping in an adjoining room. She comprehended the situation in a moment, and rushing to the room, she opened the door and exclaimed: "My God; gals, it is a man; it is a man shure enough!"

There was one prolonged, consolidated scream; a flash of muslin through the door, and all was over.

The best of the joke is that the minister took the whole thing in earnest. He would listen to no apologies the lady could make for the girls. He would hear no excuse, but he solemnly folded his clerical robes around him and stole away.

Query—Was he mad at the girls, or at the old woman?  
Louisville Courier.

One day, during the hard winter of 1862, a Miss Arnold applied to Gen. Milroy for a permit to forage her cow, whose milk was the chief support of the family.

"Are you loyal?" asked the General.

"Yes," she replied.

He began to write the permit.

"To the United States or Confederate States?"

"To the Confederacy, of course," she replied.

"Then I shall give you no permit. This infamous rebellion must be crushed."

"Well said she, "if you think you can crush it by starving John Arnold's old cow, go it."

Most of the gold now going to Europe is to pay the expenses of persons now travelling there, and it is estimated that they will spend \$10,000,000 this season.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.—It is an indication of illness in any mind to be ashamed of work. It is to deny the law of Nature, for it is a universal mandate, written in the necessity of things, that "in the sweat of thy face" is everything great or valuable to be accomplished. We look as in vain, to witness the accomplishment of anything without the application of mental or physical effort. Where are the monuments of creative idleness? When are the triumphs of genius everlastingly at rest?—They are not to be found in the past. History makes no record of them, they are not among the wonders of the present. The universe is void of all trace of them, for they are not, and have not been. All that dignifies history, or makes the present glorious, has been the same law of work. What has not labor done? In fact, nothing has been done without it. It has guided our cities, floated our navies, led our armies and governed the nation. It has stored the mind of the student, penned the inspiration of the poet, struck eloquence from the mute marble, giving history an unforgetting memory, and thrown hues and speaking lines of life upon inanimate canvass. All this and more has labor done. It has beautified life and made it tolerable. Without work, existence were a dull monotonous prolongation of days, with naught to mark the lapse of time but the rising and setting sun. Who covets the barren life full of ease, that has no manly struggles, no doubtful battle-fields, no generous thrills? Rather than to be doomed to such a Dead Sea fate, we would be thrown upon the billows in an eternal conflict, to alternate forever between triumph and defeat. They whose lot is a lot of toil, in their maddest often sigh for repose and careless indulgence of the opulent children of Mammon. But little do they think of the days vacant of incident, and the nights burdened with sleep, and the ceaseless returns of the forms of misadventure. And too

of genuine impulse, the consciousness of mighty passion, awakening the sublimity of life, and the proud and satisfying repose that comes with final triumph over temporary ills. We have said there is a dignity in labor. Every one has felt it, who has lent himself earnestly to work. He has felt that his virtue was safest, when he had thrown about it the safeguard of honest, unwavering occupation. These are the moments of his most conscious pride. It should be the part of education to inculcate the love of labor, the esteem of its reward and the supremacy of its law. Were its true dignity appreciated, men would seek to make their children gentlemen by making them workers, rather than putting money into their purses. If idleness be an evil, then is the father's blessing too often a curse. Labor is not onerous when performed with an appreciation of its nature. It then becomes dignified and honorable, elevating man to his position among the creatures of Omnipotence. Neglecting this law, of his being, he becomes an idler in a universe of activity and energy. He sleeps till the crisis of a great destiny is past. He sells his birth-right for a day of inglorious ease. He doffs the priestly garments of Nature, and puts on in its stead, the beggarly rags of an out-cast and a vagabond.

WONDERFUL MACHINE.—Three new patents were issued to Captain E. B. Olmsted, Superintendent and disbursing clerk of the Post Office Department, on his machine for making envelopes. This really wonderful machine cuts, gums, folds prints an official or business card or post office stamp, counts, ties in packages of twenty-five each, and boxes, automatically, at the rate of 240,000 in ten hours. The inventor has been for several years engaged in perfecting his invention.—National Intelligencer.

The annual loss by the wear of coin is estimated at one-tenth of 1 per cent., and the consumption by thefts and loss by fire and shipwreck at \$3,000,000 a year. Horace Greeley is to contribute his autobiography to the New York Ledger, in series of papers with the title "Recollections of a Busy Life." The first three papers will appear in a few weeks, after the last of a series of papers by College Presidents has been printed.

## BREAKING UP A SETTING HEN

"Timothy, that air yaller hen's settin' agin," said Mrs. Hayes to her son one morning at breakfast.

"Well, let her set," remarked Timothy, helping himself to a large piece of cheese, "I reckon I can stand it as long as she can."

"I do wish you would try to be a little equinomial to cheese, Timothy; I've cut the very last of my lot, and it's only the first of May. And now as soon as you've done eating I want you to go out and break up that hen. She's settin' on an old ax and two bricks now."

"I hope she'll hatch 'em," returned Timothy.

"If she was set now, she'd hatch the fourth week in May. It's a bad sign; something allers happens arter it. Stop giggling, Helen Maria; by the time you get to be as old as yer ma, ye'll see further than you do now. There was Jenkins' folks, their top-knot hatched the last of May, and Mrs. Jenkins, she had the conjunction of the lungs, and would have died if they hadn't killed a lamb and wrapped her in the hide while it was warm. That was all that saved her."

With such a startling proof of the truth and the omen before him, Timothy finished his breakfast in haste and departed for the barn, from which he soon returned bearing biddy by the legs.

"What shall I do with her, mother?—She'll get on again, and she's cross as bedlam—she skinned my hands, and would be the death of me if she could get loose."

"I've heerd 'nt it said it was a good plan to throw 'em up in the air," said Mrs. Hayes. "Aunt Peggy broke one of setting only three times trying. Spose you try it."

"Up she goes, head or tail!" cried Tim, as he tossed the volcano skyward.

"Laud-omassy, exclaimed Mrs. H., "she's coming down in the pan of bread that I set out on the great rock to rise! Tim, it's strange that you

Down with the traitors, up with the stars," sang out Tim, elevating biddy again with something less than a pint of batter hanging to her feet.

"Good gracious me, wuss and wuss," cried Mrs. Hayes, and Tim agreed with her, for the hen had come down on the well-polished tile of Esquire Bennet, who happened to be passing, and the dignified old gentleman was the father of Cynthia Bennett, the young lady with whom Tim was seriously enamored.

The Squire looked daggers, brushed off the dough with his handkerchief, and strode on in silence.

"Yes, but it's going up' again," said Tim, spitefully seizing the obnoxious biddy and tossing her at random into the air. Biddy thought it time to manifest her individuality, and with a loud scream she darted against the parlor window, broke through, knocked down the canary cage, and landed plump in the silken lap of Mrs. Gray, who was boarding at the farm house.

Mrs. Gray screamed with horror, and starting up, dislodged biddy, who flew at her reflection in the looking-glass with an angry hiss. The glass was shattered and down came the hen astonished beyond measure, against a vase of flowers, which upset, and in falling knocked over the stand-dish and deluged with water a pair of drab colored velvet slippers which Maria was embroidering for her lover, Mr. James Henshaw.

Helen entered the room just as the mischief had been done, and viewing the ruin, at once laid it to her brother Timothy. She heard his steps behind her, and the unfortunate hen flung full into his face.

There was a smothered oath, and the hen came back with the force of a twenty pound shot.

Helen was mad. Her eyes were nearly put out with the feathery dust and dough, and she went at Timothy with a true feminine zeal. She broke his watchguard in a dozen pieces, crushed his dickey and began to pull his whiskers out by the roots, when suddenly she remembered that Timothy had no whiskers to pull out by the roots.

But when she came to look closer, she perceived that the man she had nearly annihilated was not Timothy, but James Henshaw.

Poor Helen burst into tears and fled into her chamber, the usual refuge for heroines; and James, after washing his face at the kitchen sink,

went home, sternly resolved never to marry a woman with such a temper as Helen Hayes had.

The hen, meanwhile, who is the heroine, returned to the barn to establish herself on the run of her nest, determined to set if the heavens fell.

Mrs. Hayes soon discovered her, and she having heard that dipping in water would cure "broodiness," she set forth for the brook with the fowl in her apron.

Mrs. Weaver, an old lady of very quarrelsome temper, who resided near, and was at sword's point with Mrs. Hayes, was just coming to the brook for a pail of water, and spied the yellow head of the bird peeping out from Mrs. Hayes' apron.

"There!" she exclaimed, "now I've found out what puzzled me to death nigh about a week. I've found out where that yellow pullet has gone to. Mrs. Hayes, I allers knowed you was a wicked, desatful woman, but I didn't think you'd steal."

"Steal? me steal? Who are you talking to, Mrs. Weaver?" said Mrs. Hayes, on her dignity.

"I'm talking to you, madam, that's who I'm talking to! You've stolen my hen what I got over to uncle Gilles', and paid for in sassaengers. She's a real Dorking. Give her to me right here or I'll use force."

"She's my hen, and you touch her if you dare!"

"I'll show you what I dare!" yelled Mrs. Weaver, growing purple, and seizing the ill-starred fowl by the tail she gave a wrench and the tail came out in her hand.

The sudden cessation of resistance upset Mrs. Weaver's balance, and she fell backward into the brook, spluttering the mud and astonished polliwogs in every direction.

She was a spy woman, and was soon on her feet again, ready to renew the assault.

"Give me my hen," she cried turning her first into Mrs. Hayes' face, "you old hag and hypocrite you!" and she made a second dive at the

The hen thought it proper to show her colors, and uttering an unearthly yell, she flew out of the covert square into the face of Mrs. Weaver, which she raked down with her nails until it resembled the pages of a ledger, crossed and recrossed with red ink.—Mrs. Hayes caught a stick of brushwood from the fence—Mrs. Weaver did the same—and a regular duel would probably have been fought if the bank of the creek had not suddenly gave way and precipitated both the indignant women into the water. They scrambled out on opposite sides, and the hen sat perched in an apple tree and cackled in triumph.

The ladies shook themselves, and by consent went home. They have not spoken since.

The hen disappeared, and was not seen until three weeks afterwards, when she made her appearance with eleven nice yellow chickens. She found some other fowl's nest and had set in spite of fate.

But, altogether not "broken up" herself, she broke up two matches—for Cynthia Bennett was not at home the next time Timothy called, and Mr. Henshaw never forgave Helen for having such a temper.

A dissipated couple in Cleveland, Ohio, quarreled the other day, when the husband converted his property into cash, intending to separate altogether and leave the city next day.—He deposited \$4,500 between the cloth of his vest, where his wife found it in the night. She substituted an old almanac, and next day they took different trains, he going to Toledo in blissful ignorance of his loss, and she to her friends in Indiana with the money.

The Texas papers speak of a general disposition among the farmers of that State to lessen the quantity and improve the quality of the land they cultivate. This change is caused by the scarcity of labor, which leads to improved cultivation and an increase of production from a given quantity of land.

It is expected that Hon. H. L. Grigsby, of Norfolk, the oldest living contemporary of JEFFERSON, who was a classmate at William and Mary College with JEFFERSON when Virginia was a colony under the British Crown, and who was a member of the Convention of 1776, will be one of the speakers on the occasion of the erection of the JEFFERSON statue at Charlottesville, Virginia, October 7.